

Senate reassembled when called to order by the Presiding Officer (Mr. COVERDELL).

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Chair, in his capacity as a Senator from the State of Georgia, suggests the absence of a quorum. The clerk will call the roll.

The legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the order for the quorum call be rescinded.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. DEWINE). Without objection, it is so ordered.

#### MOVED BY TRIBUTE TO SENATOR JOHN C. STENNIS

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, recently I received a letter from a Dr. Wayne M. Miller of Killeen, Texas. The letter was in reference to my recent eulogy for the late and beloved Senator John Cornelius Stennis.

Dr. Miller wrote that he was deeply moved by the tribute, so much so that he sat down and composed a poem after hearing it. I call attention to the letter and to the poem enclosed with it because it demonstrates not only the sensitivity and talent of the writer, but also the power and the passion which words can evoke.

In these days of often destructive, rude, and even dangerous rhetoric, let us stop and reflect on the tremendous power of our words.

Such reflection may help those of us in public life and in the media to strive to use our voices to inspire rather than to enflame.

Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that Dr. Wayne M. Miller's letter and poem be printed in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the material was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

KILLEEN, TX.  
April 27, 1995.

U.S. Senator ROBERT C. BYRD,  
Hart Senate Office Building,  
Washington, DC.

DEAR SENATOR BYRD, when I tuned in to a C-Span telecast last night, I caught the latter part of your eloquent tribute to the late Senator Stennis. It was truly one of the greatest speeches I have ever heard. To be sure, it had the two basic ingredients of a great speech: substantive thinking, and rhetorical skills to effectively express it.

Although I am not a West Virginian, I have admired your accomplishments and the stature of your leadership. I was reared just eighty miles north of Wheeling, in a small town of Harmony, Pennsylvania. After serving as chaplain in the Air Force, I became a field director for American Red Cross—and am now retired with that organization. For the past sixteen years I have been teaching composition and rhetoric at Central Texas College.

Would it be possible to have a copy of your outstanding speech? I would be ever so grateful!

I am so happy that we still have statesmen of your caliber in our nation's capital. I am enclosing a poem which I wrote after listening to you on television. It reflects, in some

small measure, my responsiveness to your deeply, moving words.

Respectfully,

WAYNE M. MILLER.

Enclosure.

*To the Honorable Mr. Byrd, Distinguished U.S. Senator from the State of West Virginia, after hearing the stirring tribute delivered on the floor of Congress for the late Senator John Stennis of Mississippi (1901-1995):*

Your well selected words, like highly polished marble

(Uniquely Mr. Byrd's!)

Were fitted in a pyramid of architectural marvel—

Arousing such a sentiment in the shaping of your thoughts

Keen emotions were unharnessed from what common birth allots

And, untouted, undergirds

The daily warp and woof of our fabric of existence.

You talked about our too brief pilgrimage,

And you pricked our unsuspecting Achilles Heel

When you sharpened our awareness of fragility

That stamps the mold of our mortality—

And your sobering reflection of the little bird

That fluttered through the crack from the raging storm

Into the blinding light of the banquet hall,

And then, so very soon, fluttered out again—

Demonstrated our fitful wandering,

Our groping sightlessness, our straining stammering,

Our hurried exit from the ever-blinding light

Of the babbling banquet hall and "much ado about nothing."

You addressed so poignantly the human predicament

In the never ending journey "east of Eden"—

Never ending, that is,

Until that special day of reckoning

When all our shattered dreams, our broken vows . . .

Will have their consummation

In all-glorious transformation

From the ugly to the beautiful

And the painful to the joyful

Where there will be no night,

No parting and no sorrow.

You led us like thirsting sheep

To the oasis of our being—

The wells of spiritual refreshment

Where first we saw the mirroring of our impoverished selves

And then experienced the waters that revive us

And show us the way of day.

You showed us what we are—

And what we can become

In the "long journey into night"

While we suffer in our little rooms,

Waiting for the fateful end—

To be transposed by the Great Composer

From our dischords into harmonies,

Rejoicing with the Children of the Light.

WAYNE MEREDITH MILLER,  
1995 Nominee for Poet of the Year.

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, I suggest the absence of a quorum.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will call the roll.

The legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.

Mr. DOLE. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the order for the quorum call be rescinded.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

#### TRIBUTE TO NAOMI NOVER

Mr. DOLE. Mr. President, on April 22, the Washington journalism community lost one of its most enduring figures. For decades, Naomi Nover was a distinctive presence on Capitol Hill and at the White House, often claiming a front-row seat at Presidential news conferences. Known for her perseverance and her determination to continue her passion for journalism, Naomi fell ill last month while renewing her Senate press credentials. It was the first day for gallery members to renew their press cards, and as usual, Naomi was one of the first in line.

A native of Buffalo, NY, she and her husband Barney moved to Washington in 1936. After receiving a masters degree from George Washington University, she worked with her husband for the Denver Post, wrote a column called "Washington Dateline," produced a radio program called "Views and Interviews," and when Barney Nover retired from the Denver Post in 1971, Naomi cofounded the Nover News Bureau. After her husband passed away in 1973, Naomi established a journalism prize in his memory, the Barnet Nover Memorial Award, given for journalistic excellence at the annual White House Correspondents Association dinner.

Naomi's perseverance was legendary. Sam Donaldson tells an admiring story about the time Naomi was hit by a truck while crossing Pennsylvania Avenue. "The vehicle was almost totalled," Donaldson says. "She walked away without a scratch." President Clinton called her "years of dedication to her craft and her efforts to cover events \* \* \* a lesson to us all in hard work and the persistence of the human spirit."

Mr. President, I know all my colleagues join me in sending our warmest condolences to Naomi's friends and family.

#### ORDER OF PROCEDURE

Mr. DOLE. Mr. President, I say for the benefit of my colleagues and others who would probably like to get out of here, we are waiting for an amendment to be drafted. It is almost complete. Upon completion, it will be sent to the desk. Then there will be a cloture petition filed, and we will be able to leave for the day.

It should not be long. I am told 15 or 20 minutes.

#### THE STAKES IN LEGAL REFORM

Mr. DOLE. Mr. President, as we continue the legal reform debate, I think it is important to take a few minutes and focus on what is and is not at stake here.

What is at stake is whether we are going to continue with a legal system that is too costly, too long, and too unfair. What is at stake is whether the